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THE RECLAIMER

Vol. I.

"WE CAN IF WE WILL"

No. 16.

THE VICTORY LOAN CANNOT FAIL.

We have built a great arch across the world. Into it have gone the traditions and the hopes of American people; men and munitions and billions in gold are parts of it; the blood-cemented friendship of the civilized nations of the world is in it, and the world's future rests upon it.

Only the keystone of the arch remains to be put in place, finishing the task and bind the whole together.

That keystone is the Victory Loan.

What if we fail to raise it in triumph?

First, and most impossible, such a failure would mean the repudiation of the men who have died for us, our own men. It would mean ingratitude and an unequalled hypocrisy.

Second, such a failure would mean the disruption of our industries, and, since we and our Allied are interdependent, their industries as well.

With one accord, the business of America turned from its accustomed channels to the winning of the war. Billions of dollars were spent by the Government, and many bills remain unpaid, for work done and for goods delivered. Until these bills are paid, the creditors will be crippled. The Victory Loan will pay them.

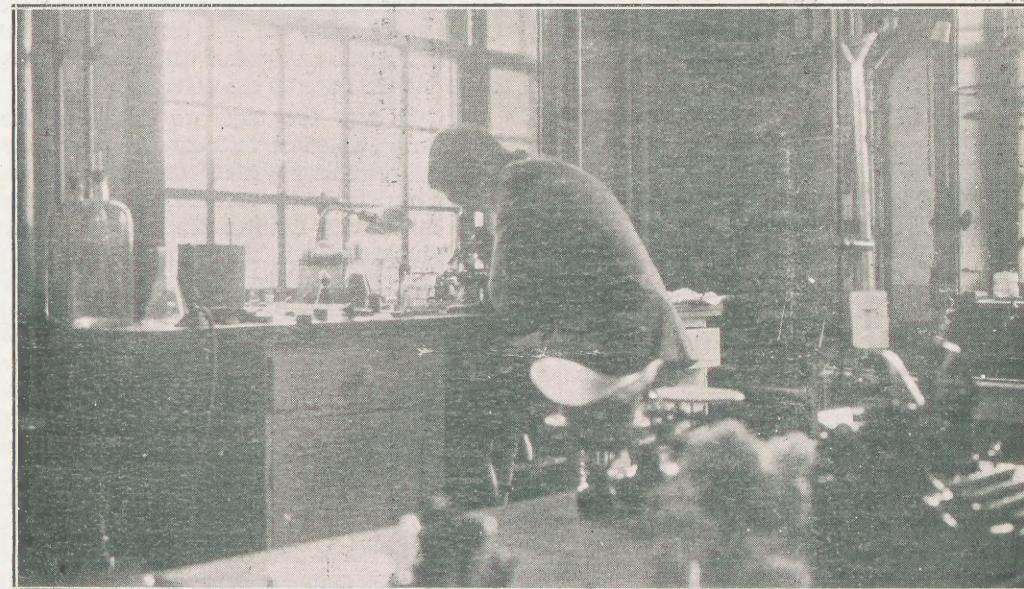
It is argued that if the Loan fails, the money can be raised by taxes. But taxes cannot be collected from a business that, for lack of money, is inactive. Taxes will not solve the problem.

The Allies owe us something more than ten billions of dollars. Why not call these loans? There is the commoner decency that forbids hitting a man when he is down, and the Allies are down, financially. The war has swept their treasures bare, and two of them are surely hurt, consider France, with her five richest departments gutted; Belgium, overrun and ruined; England, strained to the breaking point. They need every penny we have loaned them for the rehabilitation of their own industries. If we demanded payment from them now, we should not only prevent their recommencing the production that will pay their debts, but we should make it impossible for them to buy from us, and so further hobble our own trade at a time when we need it most. We cannot ask the Allies for repayment now.

If the Victory Loan fails, the arch falls, for no arch can endure without its keystone. No heavier than the rest; no larger, it is the heart of the great structure we have raised.

If the Victory Loan fails, our country will plunge into an economic chaos, and, because our country is the richest and strongest of all, the rest of the world, harried and war-worn, as we are NOT, will be carried with us.

The failure of the Victory Loan would mean the crumbling of the foundations of mankind.

**OUR LABATORY—LT. BURKY AT THE MICROSCOPE.****MY FIRST RIDE IN AN AEROPLANE.**

By Lieut. Overholser.

(Concluded.)

The rest of the story is briefly told. The engine ambled along slowly, so that we were able to inspect the surrounding country at our leisure. We passed through several villages, and at one we descended for a few moments. There were a few leather helmets left, but most of these had already been taken along by the American soldiers who had recently passed. We entered a work-shop where there were hand-grenades and ammunition of all sorts, but alas! none of the Luger pistols so dear to the heart of everyone interested in "shooting-irons".

At last we reached Conflans, our first destination. That the railroad station had been the target for Allied bombs we did not have to be told; the tracks were mute evidence. There were craters probably twenty feet wide and ten feet deep, and the rails were twisted like so much lead pipe. The town itself had apparently escaped fairly well, although there were a few ruined houses. We easily found the headquarters of the First Division, but even here we were unable to telephone to stations in the rear. After a thoroughly-enjoyed dinner at the Officers' Mess, we waited about the square, in search of means of transportation to Verdun, our next objective. Finally we found a French captain and lieutenant who were going by truck to a fort just outside of Verdun, and they were very ready to give us a "hitch".

The captain was inspecting some property, so in the few waits we had a good opportunity to inspect some of the recently vacated bil-

lets. Everything was just as if the Germans had stepped out for a short walk. Dishes, and even food, were lying on the tables, just as when the last meal was finished. Practically all the equipment had apparently been carefully packed and taken along; in the billets we found nothing of the sort except, perhaps, a few cartridges. At one town were some old trenches, now grass-grown and half full of water. They had evidently not been used since the beginning of the war, but had been carefully built at the time.

For several miles we passed along a camouflaged road. The camouflage was very simple, consisting of vertical reeds about eight or ten feet high strung on wires about one inch apart. How successfully this camouflage answered its purpose I cannot say. It was on only one side of the road, and there was no overhead screening. Trees, I may add, were not very numerous along this road.

Finally we came to Etain. Here, for the first time in our trip, we saw a village that had been under severe shelling. In the village itself we did not see a single intact house. In many instances a single wall was standing, but frequently a pile of debris was all that remained. Here, too, we saw a large number of "repatries", French and English soldiers who had been freed from German prison camps. They were in nondescript civilian clothes, and were much travelworn. Yet for all their fatigue and hunger, we knew they were happier than words could express, for they were free men, and well on the way home.

Soon the road became very rough. We were approaching Verdun, the scene of the bloodiest

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

THE AMERICAN CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA

By Col. Sydney D. Boyden.

We went into the battle that was ahead of us in a formation that was entirely new to the most of us. It was technically called the "Half Platoon Formation" and was effected by our being divided into the separate squads of each platoon and each squad remaining diagonally eight paces from every other squad in the battalion, so that when the order was given to shoot there was little danger of our shooting any of our own men. This was necessary in the open fighting which characterized the whole campaign. We fired only on orders being given and these by the whistles which each officer carried. Signals were designated which should indicate how we were to face and in which direction we were to fire. Some brief drills on it were given and we were then considered prepared for the hard struggle in the swamps just ahead of us.

The march through the woods and swamps was necessarily very slow and often stops had to be made to make sure that we had not lost any of our men. The artillery which was just behind us kept up incessant fire in the form of a barrage which served to keep the Bolsheviks on the retreat so that we were enabled to go along and do the clean-up work. The boys were a bit nervous and rather impetuous in their work as it was their first campaign and they had not yet been seasoned by the experience which tells them why each order is given as it is. One time, they advanced too quickly and some of them were hit by the shells from our own fire. For many of them this served as a severe lesson and from that time on there was very little advancing except as was warranted by the information which the advanced scouts telephoned back to the lines.

After we had advanced some distance into the battle, a halt was ordered and we kneeled down and emptied a clip of five shots in the direction of the enemies' lines and then came another advance and another volley. This was the situation until nightfall when we camped in some stray houses that we found in an opening in the woods. During all this time we had only seen an occasional enemy figure as he darted through the gloom of the woods and very few shots were fired in return for the precipitous fire which we from time to time dealt them. It was the same all through the first night. When either their artillery or their infantry did fire, as it did occasionally, the shots went astray and very few were wounded by them.

The next morning, we were loaded on a train and taken ahead to a little village which we afterwards Christened "Mayville" after the first Lieutenant who was then in charge of our company. It was an interesting little place and indeed bore up well with its new name. The station was with one other exception, the only building which was built of real lumber and it was painted a bright yellow, possibly with the thought that its cheerfulness might make some amends for the dullness of the surrounding landscape. Our particular platoon was quartered in one of the numerous log buildings that made up the architecture of the town

and immediately set about to make it comfortable, if such were possible. The women of the family, to which it originally belonged were still living in one end of it and they were left unmolested. Just back of the house was a barn which was well stocked with animals which somehow had missed the Bolshevik in their retreat. Bunks were built and kitchens were set up and rations issued so that for the three days we stopped in the village, we were as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Our time was occupied with gas drills and numberless inspections and games which were improvised for the boys by the officers in charge.

For the next few days we were on guard duty during which we took care of some nasty-looking prisoners which the French had turned over to us for safe keeping. Advances were made from time to time, some of them occupying a whole night's journey. During this time the enemy had been retreating before our lines and personally, we had seen very little of them except when some exceptionally bold one fired a shot or two at us and then we were forced to hunt him down in self-defense. If anybody thinks that guard duty in Northern Russia is dull, he ought to have been with us on some of the wild sessions we had on the outposts. On these occasions we were given instructions that we should never fire unless ordered to do so and on one occasion in particular, while standing out in the wet and dark, the enemy opened fire and shells of all descriptions and rifle bullets began to drop around us. But fortunately there were few casualties. Our luck and the Bolshevik inaccuracy were with us all along.

At one of the stops along the railroad which seemed to be quite an important center, we made a long stop and here, for the first time we caught sight of the aeroplanes which were supporting us. A large field was cleared of debris and stumps and what not and a very satisfactory aerodrome was constructed which could be used as a base for these machines. One day, far up in the sky, an aeroplane appeared and this caused great excitement in the camp as we watched it circle around over our lines and those of the enemy. The observer seemed to be making a very careful inspection of what was going on and finally he started back to our lines, and swooping very low he dropped a note which told us that the enemies' armored trains were moving farther and farther back and that advance would be quite safe. We had no armored trains with which to follow but there were several trains of flat cars available with various sized guns mounted upon them. Besides a regiment of Canadian artillery arrived about this time to support us and they were very efficient as most of their men had seen service on the Western Front. Their guns were all new. More trains were built from these and then we proceeded to chase the foe with all possible haste.

On consulting the maps of the country thereabouts, the engineers discovered a trail through the woods which would lead them to a spot behind the Bolshevik lines and put them in a position to threaten the armored trains which were the immediate objects of attack. So they started—a small party of them and in due time the news came back that far ahead of these trains the tracks had been blown up. This precipitated a general advance on the part of

our troops and it was not long before the enemy trains were captured with large numbers of prisoners and but few casualties. This was a matter of great gratification to all of us, for it meant that the enemy was from this time seriously handicapped in their railway defenses.

It was not long after this point was reached that the author of this story was sent home and incidentally, it was not long after that the rapid advance of the Allied forces was halted by the enemy and practically brought to a standstill where it remained until the present day when the Allied offensive was ordered discontinued in Russia. Next week, I shall tell how the halt came to occur and of the points of interest about the trip home.

(To be Continued)

LT. OVERHOLSER'S STORY

(Concluded)

fighting in all history. The road had been made reasonably passable, but on both sides were fields and ravines, scarred with shell-craters. Not a tree or bush was in sight—the picture was one of horrible desolation.

After supper in the kitchen of a labor battalion (engaged in road repairing), we entered the city which will always be remembered for those famous words, "On ne passe pas". "They shall not pass", was the order, and one that was carried out in spite of frightful odds and the loss of nearly half a million men. As we walked through the silent streets and saw the ruins, we paid a silent tribute to the indomitable spirit of France.

The tale appropriately ends here, for in Verdun we were once more on familiar territory, and it was merely a question of time before we would reach our respective stations. The whole experience, with its (to me) novel beginning and its very unexpected subsequent events, is one which I shall never forget, and which I consider myself very fortunate in having had.

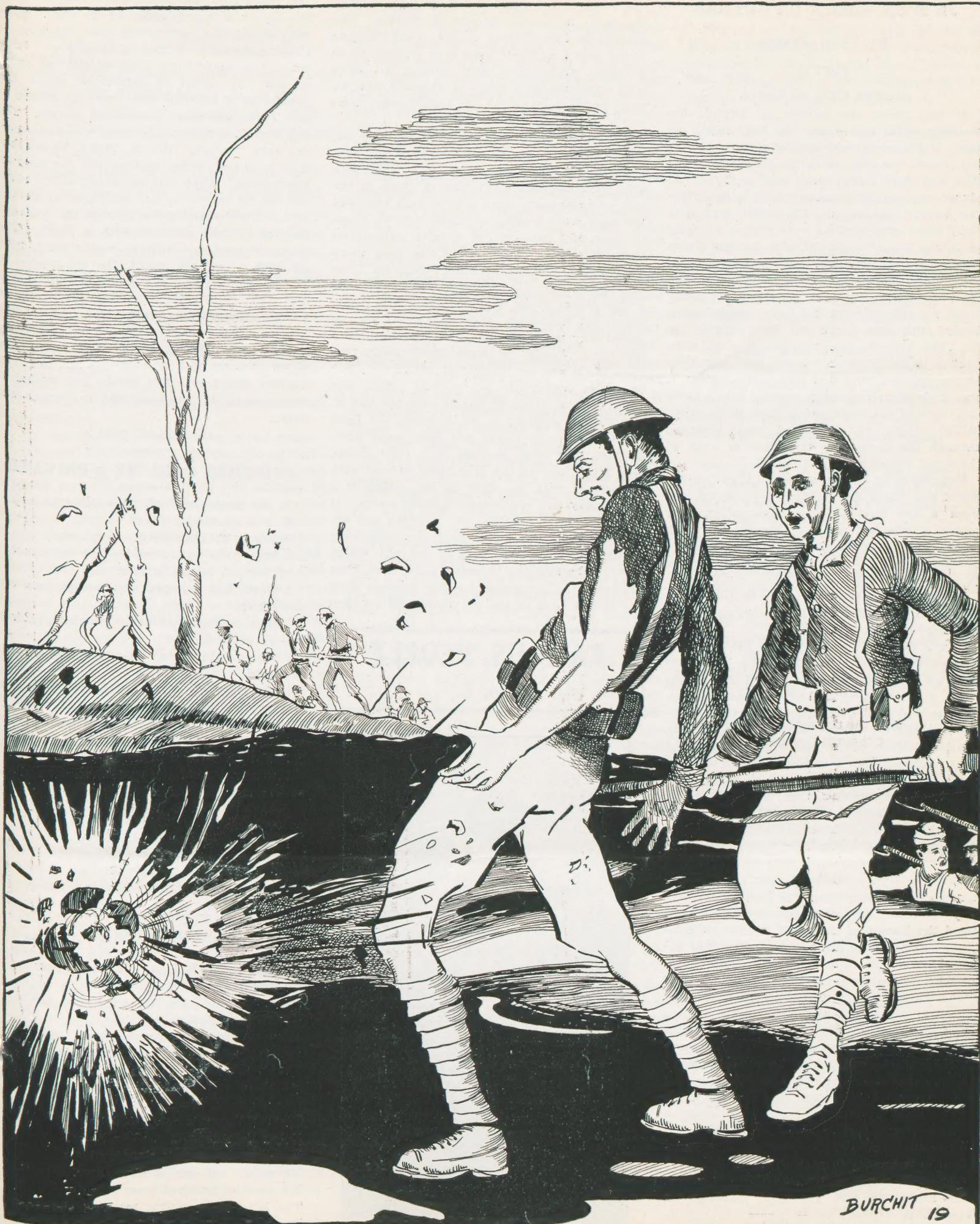
(The End)

PHOTO PACKS TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

Buddy, do you want a postal card of your hospital and some of the interesting scenes thereabouts to send home to family or friends? If so just wait a while and the hospital authorities will give you a nice package of a dozen of such views. Orders have been issued to commanding officers of army hospitals to have at least a dozen artistic photographs taken of interesting views in and about their hospital, showing its main features in respect to attractiveness, equipment, facilities, personnel, etc. These photographs are to be reproduced on postal cards by photogravure and a set of a dozen presented free to each soldier patient. If you want any more you can buy them at cost.

THE NEW NURSES

What ho! Our personnel was enlarged to quite an extent when our temperamental Art Editor, Sgt. Burchit, escorted five new nurses into the Post on Friday evening last, on a transfer from the Base Hospital at Camp Devens. The nurses are Elizabeth McDougal, Laura J. Mash, Melva McQuinston, M. Agnes McLaughlin and Katherine Moran. The coming of these young ladies means much to us here on the Post. When we say this we are not thinking of them in their official capacities,



"Some of the Boys Were Hit by the Shells From Our Own Fire."

JE M'EN VAIS A LA GUERRE

By Lieut. Dodge

Part 4

Je m'en vis à la Guerre.

It was about the middle of August, the weather warm and damp—we had stayed up most of the night waiting for orders to "go", but toward morning we threw ourselves on the floor and slept a few hours until daylight. At six we were up, had mess and soon were tramping toward the train. The front was only forty miles away and we were getting an early start and we all found out why, for the trains which are very slow in France anyway, moved slower and slower as we approached the battle line. Traffic was very congested and many times we were side-tracked to let supply trains, loaded with guns, shells and other supplies, go by. The trip became tiresome for we were packed in tighter than we had been any time before and the train had many long waits. It was dark when we slowly crawled into a town just back of the lines and a little south of St. Mihiel. Here we detrained and marched through the depot into the place in front of the depot where we halted.

Everything in the town was dark and as the night was black and misty we could not see even a few feet ahead. Hour after hour passed slowly and we were hungry and very tired. There was no place to sit as the street or square was full of mud and we were too wet to be comfortable.

We were told that we were to be the guests of a certain hospital unit nearby, so we waited and tried to be happy.

In the distance we could hear the big guns roaring like distant thunder. We were told that we must not smoke as the Bosch might come over any time and drop a bomb on us. We realized then that someone must be looking for our scalp all the time and we were very cautious. Many of the men were so tired that they finally lay down in the mud and went to sleep. At 12.30 someone came to guide us to a billet and at about 2 a. m. we were able to sleep under a roof.

Many things struck us rather strange; the depot which had a dim light had all the windows painted a very dark blue which made it impossible to see the light only a short distance away. Everything was hushed and still save for the tramp of many troops going toward the lines, and the shrill whistle of automobile drivers. In the advance areas, the automobiles are not allowed to have any lights, so they used a small whistle instead, which is blown by mouth. It seemed hardly necessary, for all of the cars make a great rattle as they drive along at top speed over the very rough, worn-out roads. However one must be very cautious when walking in the road for many soldiers are run down every night because they were not out of the road when a big army truck wanted to pass.

Every one is challenged and must have his pass ready or else, as in our case, have someone who is known, to pass them on.

The night passed without anything of special note happening and the next morning we marched to a place which was to be our location, about two miles behind the lines. It was a hospital unit that I was with and during

the whole war we had the distinction of being the most advanced hospital in France. We started in immediately to get ready for patients which we knew were soon to come to us as many ambulances were passing all night with American boys, sick and wounded, and we must be ready when the call should come to us to do our share.

The second night held the most exciting moments thus far, as we went through our first air raid. It was a beautiful clear night with only an occasional white puff of cloud in the sky. The heavens were a very dark blue and the stars were bright. At about 9.15 we heard the hum of a motor which seemed many miles away, it rapidly came nearer and soon there were many tongues of light streaming from the ground up into the sky—these were the search lights trying to locate the Boche plane. They did not seem very successful for he sailed way up in the sky and sounded like a big bee. Finally, he went back toward the lines again and we thought all was over. Not so as he apparently got several others and came back at about 11.30 and then we had it. Every thing seemed to be let loose, the light shafts were very bright and soon many anti-aircraft guns were flashing with their sharp, loud report and all the hills about echoed with it—seemed that we were in the midst of a very heavy and continuous thunder storm. It was all very interesting and exciting and we all wanted to see it, for there was something fascinating about the flash of the gun which spurted fire into the air some thirty feet, then the report of the gun and a few seconds later the bright flash of the bursting shell perhaps

ten miles over our heads and then still later the report of the explosion of the shell. Even with all of this, one would hear the hum of those motors like a flock of large bees. Soon we noticed many little shrill whistles all about us and the sound of something strike the ground as if someone was throwing stones at us. There was great excitement around. The few French soldiers and nurses who were with us were running like so many leaves before a strong wind, making for the nearest bomb-proof. They told us to get under cover and so we moved to our buildings where the shrapnel would not come through the roof and decided to take chances with a bomb. The Bosch dropped several large bombs which went off with a terrible report, the concussion of which, sounded as if it would break our heads, and what little glass there was left could be heard rattling. The whole thing sounded like a great battle being staged in some great theatre. The Boche sailed back home after a few minutes and we could not see anything harmed about us. The bombs had landed in open country not far away and no damage was done.

(To be Continued.)

AND THEY CALL ME A PRIVATE.

In the army they call me a private.
It is a misnomer.

There is nothing private about me.

I have been examined by fifty doctors and they haven't missed a blemish.

I have told my previous occupations and my salary.

I have confessed to being married and having no children.

I have nothing in my past that has not been revealed.

I am the only living thing that has less privacy than a gold fish.

I sleep in a room with countless other men, and eat with about three hundred.

I take my bath with the entire detachment.

I wear a suit of the same material and cut as five million other men.

I have to tell a physician when I kiss a pretty girl.

I never have a single moment to myself.
And yet they call me a private.
Private!
What the——?

NURSES' DOPE.

They've recognized thy daughter dear Maryland, my Maryland,
They could not keep her in the rear Maryland, my Maryland.
So Alva "Tom" the glory's thine
The mellow light of gold doth shine,
The bar is thine—thou shave-tail fine,
Maryland, my Maryland.

From Killarney's wooded dells
Helen C—ame with smiling grace,
Reveilles that call or clanging bells
Alarm her not—or leave no trace.
Not so—the polished stair enroute,
The bracing, sparkling morning shower,
For now where once but rose-tints cute,
The painful shades of purple tower.



"TENNESSEE"

MRS. O'FLAHERTY ON SAFE INVESTMENT.

(By Anita Day Downing)

"Did you never want to be rich?" asked Mrs. Hogan of Mrs. O'Flaherty.

"Not in particular," answered Mrs. O'Flaherty, rounding off a very neat heel on the sock she was knitting.

"I used to think I'd like to be a golden plutocrat. But now I think of the way the sales-ladies in the stores would feel if they had to make me look slender and fashionable. Poor girls, they've troubles enough of their own with all the war profiteers' wives these days. I'm willing to stay poor and wear calico to save their feelings." She chuckled good naturedly at her own fooling; and laid the sock in the folds of her immaculate and capacious white apron, that she might better enjoy the conversation.

"But why are you asking," she inquired encouragingly.

"I was reading about a man in the paper," explained Mrs. Hogan. "He got two or three shares in a mining company for a law fee, and pretty soon he had a million, just as easy as nothing. It seems like just saving and getting three or four or five per cent on your money was an awful waste of time, when some folks just take a chance and get rich over-night. Mike and me was talking about it just last night. There was a man in Mike's shop yesterday with some oil stock he said would be worth thousands in no time at all, and Mike was wondering if it wouldn't be a good idea to cash in some War Savings Stamps and buy some stock. The man said that two or three hundred percent in a year would be nothing at all to what we could expect."

During the last part of Mrs. Hogan's speech, Mrs. O'Flaherty opened her mouth as if to speak, once or twice, and when Mrs. Hogan had concluded, she burst forth, with all the force of pent up indignation.

"Mary Hogan," said she, shaking her finger oratorically, "if I thought you was as great a fool as you sound, not a minute would you be sitting in that chair. It's fearful I'd be that you'd go mad and bite me or something."

"Don't you know," she went on, impressively, sitting on the edge of her chair and shaking her forefinger nearer and nearer the nose of the astonished Mrs. Hogan, "don't you know if there was that much money to be made, the agents wouldn't be going into machine shops to sell their stock. Wouldn't the Wall Street brokers be just about breaking their necks to get it? And don't you know that the reason that man making a million out of nothing got into the newspapers was because there was only the one of him? There's a man that went eighteen days in an open boat without food, and there's a man can climb up the side of a skyscraper, and Steve Brodie jumped off Brooklyn Bridge, and Shakespeare wrote Hamlet, but nobody's ever done it since."

"There's no sense saying that there isn't a lot of money to be made," objected Mrs. Hogan.

"Of course there's lots to be made, and some of it without much to start on," agreed Mrs.

O'Flaherty. "But there's specialists in making money just like everything else. It's as much of a trade as riveting, or dressmaking or fixing an auto, or being a doctor. We all think we could make a dress, or tinker a Flivver, or cure ourselves of the hives, but it takes more than just believing to create a Paris Gown, or fox-trot in an airplane, or cut a man up and put him together again.

"If it's a real job you've got on hand, hire a specialist.

"The banks and the big business men and such have more sense about making money than you or I'll ever get. When they say that four percent is good interest, they know what they're talking about. You'd better take their word about it."

Mrs. O'Flaherty had been literally rising to her points. Now she stood over the almost frightened Mrs. Hogan with wrath in her eye, and with full force of her Celtic enthusiasm.

"And when you talk of cashing in Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps," she thundered, "with the United States Treasury telling you to hold onto them, and paying you to do it besides, I'm almost tempted to tell Mike Hogan to take a shillelah to you. He might beat some sense into your head."

"It was only advice I wanted," protested Mrs. Hogan, "and not to have my head taken off."

"It's little advice of mine you should be asking, when your Uncle Sam has told you what to do," said Mrs. O'Flaherty, a bit placated.

"You keep putting your money into War Savings Stamps, and when the five years are up, go to a good bank and ask them what to do with the money, if you don't know yourself by that time. But don't talk to me of any of these get-rich-quick schemes that Mike Hogan brings home from the shop."

"It's every bit as much your business to put your money into safe-keeping as it is to save it, and if you can think of a safer place than the United States Treasury I'd like to hear about it. And if you buy War Savings Stamps, they'll pay you rent for the privilege of taking care of it."

"Thanks for the advice," said Mrs. Hogan, and then a bit wickedly, "You've ravelled out half that heel lecturing me."

"Go long with you," laughed Mrs. O'Flaherty, "it was worth it to speak my mind."

BASEBALL.

This week, Saturday, we go to play the Medfield State hospital and this will be a good test of what stuff there is in the boys who are out for the team. The truck will take over as many men as it can up to its capacity and if you have been out helping the men to get along you will have an opportunity to make this interesting trip. The Medfield Hospital is located in a very pretty spot about ten miles from here and will put us up in fine shape (we hope).

The probable line-up will be as follows:
 L. F. Poinsette
 S. S. Wamba
 1st B. Smith or Benjamin
 R. F. Lambert or Stuart
 2nd B. Douty or Bunker
 3rd B. Andeen
 C. McCauley
 P. Lambert or Stuart

NURSES' COLUMN.

Ward C is the cleanest ward on the Post. Why shouldn't it be? Isn't it microscopically inspected in the A. M. by Capt. Provost and Miss Young—hear a new battery, some hand sapolio and a manicure are needed.

Any rags any bones, any bottles, etc.—Has anyone seen a rag man on the Post? Ask J. C. if she knows.

Asleep in the arms of Morpheus! O wake up, Mac, time for nourishment.

Pollyanna dreaming and stitching over tiny things—what does it all mean, Polly?

Snapshots are such interesting things. Sometimes—blushes are also. Nuff sed!

We know Miss Philbin doesn't need any beauty sleep but her less favored sisters earnestly implore her to put D dormitory in darkness by eleven P. M., otherwise they are going to furnish the C. N. with a pair of absolutely soundless bedroom sneaks.

Who is it in D barracks, that goes to bed with boots on and also who is it that does laundry work with the aid of Madame de Luna rather than T. Edison?

Why the change in Miss Bond lately—she seems strangely "stuck up"? I know—upset the glue-pot.

Halt! calls the guard. Poor fellow, he thought, and with good reason, someone was coming along the road but it was only our Dietitian's merry laugh pealing thru D's attic window "H-A-W! H-A-W!"

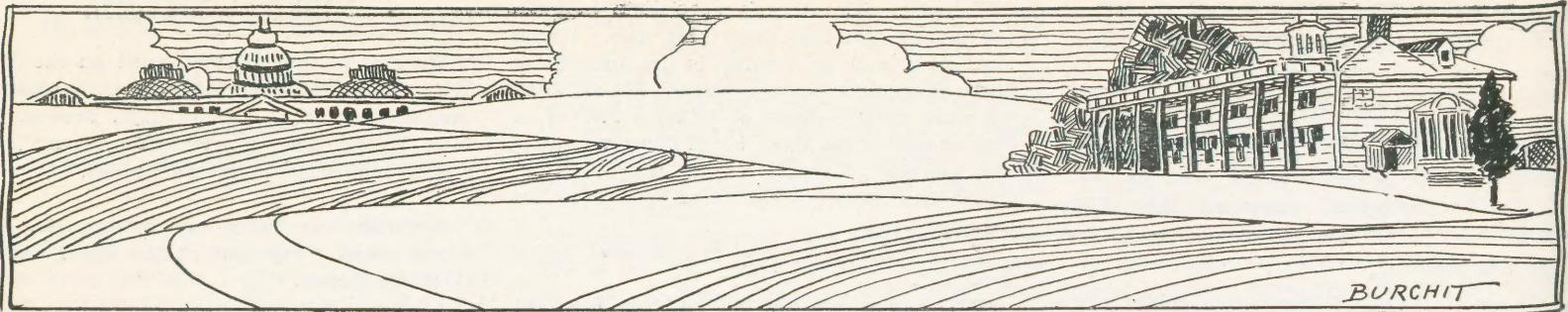
Have you noticed how beautiful the fair ones are looking these days? Ask Miss Eames, she knows. She knows!

Color scheme of negligee garments worn by one of our invalid Lieuts. last week while in the Infirmary was excellent—a splendid pt., but why leave so suddenly and go A. W. O. L?

Dancing classes now being started in D Dormitory. Join now and learn to "Shimmy". Pink and blue pajamas most popular costumes. For full particulars apply to Carty and Mac L.—Adv.

At two A. M. of a cold rainy night, wouldn't you think mere man would be merciful and not forcibly eject a party of fair ones who had spent their last dollar among the bright lights of the "Hub City"? A R. R. station would surely seem a safe place to seek shelter when one is "broke" but alas—man's inhumanity again demonstrated.

The Chaplain never dreamed, I'm sure, how appropriate and consoling his Sermon on Sunday morning was to the nurse who attended Divine Service escorted by "Private First Class". Private F. C. by the way, sings beautifully.



EDITORIAL

The Voice of Easter once more recalls the thoughtful man and woman to the triumph which the Master of Human Idealism made twenty centuries ago.

There have been many times in the world's history when the best thinker might have been discouraged, as he reviewed the situation which the world was facing, and yet always, there has been somewhere, the mighty potential force which has impelled the world to right itself as soon as those humans who controlled its destinies could grasp it. With the yearly triumph of springtime over the death of winter, and this year, the triumph of our Allied Armies over the representatives of all that is decadent, we rejoice especially for the Day which is set aside as the expression of this triumph.

The mill of the Gods grinds slowly but it grinds exceedingly fine, says the adage and it says so truly. The worst discouragement of all ultimately works out to a happy conclusion in the course of time if people can have the patience to wait. A year ago we were all tensely awaiting the outcome of the struggle across the water. Today, we are secure in the victory we have won, for there were men whose vision was great and who could direct us.

Backward men and backward nations are simply masses of undeveloped possibilities awaiting those who can make them efficiently use what they have. The greatest man who ever lived is a great lesson to the least man who lives. The greatest engineering project ever successfully carried through, is a great lesson to the many failures which are spread broadcast over the earth today. Each need and each failure is an opportunity to do the great thing but there are, sadly enough, all too few that realize this truth. Probably many a half-civilized Indian stood, in the course of centuries, by the side of the great Niagara River as it poured its uncounted volumes of energy into the waste below. It was a matter of profound wonder to them. Yet, the day has come when most of that waste has been salvaged and is making life better for thousands of people. The waste that lies by the side of the road, as men go idly by, contains the wealth that would relieve the sufferings of vast peoples who have not as yet awakened to their needs.

Did you ever stop to think, Mr. Average Man, that the load of waste in your life is what is holding you back? In you, it may be that undeveloped talent, or that empty brain, or that tendency to choose the lower pursuits of life, but if it is any of these you can, today, start making them right. Could you get together all of the undeveloped possibilities, making allowances for many things that are beyond your power to change and do over again, you might be making a start toward greatness. At any rate, there is much room for improvement.

Winter has gone; the war is over; you are going back to civil life in such a time as was never known before, and there is a big and happy place for you if you can make yourself ready for it. Easter Day marks the time for a universal beginning again. Throw aside your bad habits, and whatever is keeping you down; make a new start and try hard. The world is waiting for you.

GOOD LUCK!

THE RECLAIMER

Published by and for the officers and men of U. S. G. H. No. 34 by the authority of the Surgeon General of the Army.

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BEING A CAPITALIST.

Do you want to be a capitalist?

It's easy. This is the definition of how capital is originally acquired, as framed by Hartley Withers in his authoritative textbook "Poverty and Waste."

"Capital is defined by economists as wealth set aside to be used in production. A certain amount of it is necessary before any industry can begin its work; because industry implies making or growing something, and, during the process of making or growing, those who are at work have to be kept alive out of a store that has been set aside beforehand to that end. Professor Walker's well-known example is that of a member of a savage tribe, living precariously on fish, 'Caught from the rocks which jut into the sea,' who lays up a store of dried fish, and keeping himself alive thereon, makes himself a canoe, and thereafter can 'paddle in it out to the banks' which lie two or three miles from shore, where in one day he can get as many fish as he could catch from off the rocks in a week."

"His store of dried fish was his capital, which he reserved from consumption and kept to live on while making his canoe. Having done so, he has put his capital into a canoe and can let it out to his neighbors, taking payment from them in the form of part of their catch, on which he can live, while he himself builds more canoes and sells them in exchange for the labor of the rest of the tribe. The point at which he left off being a mere hand-to-mouth worker and consumer and became a capitalist, was when, instead of eating all the fish that he caught, he saved some and dried them so that he might be kept alive while he carried out his canoe-building. 'At every step of its progress,' says Walker again, 'capital follows one law. It arises solely out of saving.' "

Every man, woman and child can lay aside a part of the proceeds of his labor, beyond what is necessary for his present maintenance, and thus start on the road to capital. The safest and soundest way of putting aside your "dried fish" today lies in the purchase of War Savings Stamps. Even the smallest sums can be put into Thrift stamps which grow into War Savings Stamps.

Capital arises from thrift, and so thrift means future happiness.

CASTS REPRESENT M. C. PROGRESS DURING WAR.

Activities of the Medical Department of the Army and developments attained in medicine, surgery and sanitation are strikingly portrayed in an official exhibition now being held at the Army Medical Museum in this city, under the direction of the Surgeon-General by authority of the Secretary of War. Models, figures, wax casts, charts, and photographs present in a forceful manner what was accomplished by the medical department in looking after the health of troops in camp, how they were treated when stricken on the battlefields of France, and how they are now being physically reconstructed in army hospitals for return to civil pursuits. An interesting collection of firearms, some of models dating back to 1500, together with various articles captured from the Germans on the battlefield, alongside of cases of wax models showing the effect of mustard gas

burns and pneumonia infected lungs taken during the late epidemic, and models of ice boxes, incinerators, shower baths, grease traps, etc., used in keeping the camps clean, are outstanding features. Then there are Mr. and Mrs. "Cootie", the pesky trench louse which caused you hospital boys so much trouble in France, in the exhibit showing the delousing process of getting rid of them. The latest model X-ray, used with great success in treating the wounded on the battlefield and which generates its own electric power, and the bedside type enabling the surgeon to locate foreign substances without moving the patient is on view. A glimpse of home hospitals, including one at Camp Sherman, Ohio, which is considered the best type developed, and a model of one of our Civil War hospitals, showing the advance in hospital construction, is also given, and diagrams of the proposed medical center at the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, are on display.

The exhibit shows how the Surgeon-General keeps his finger on the health pulse of the army; how typhoid and malaria have been conquered, and the advance in surgical instruments from the Civil war to this late war. The work being done to restore the wounded and disabled so they can return to civil pursuits is strikingly portrayed in the Division of Physical Reconstruction section of the exhibit. Hundreds of articles, including toys, basket work, jewelry, etc., which have been made by patients in army hospitals, are shown in this exhibit. The manner of measuring the intelligence of both officers and men by psychological tests, and successful treatment applied to "shell shock" patients are also shown. If you happen to be in Washington any time soon, it will interest you to drop in at the Museum and look over some of the exhibits growing out of the war which are on view.

FLY PEST TO BE FOUGHT IN ARMY.

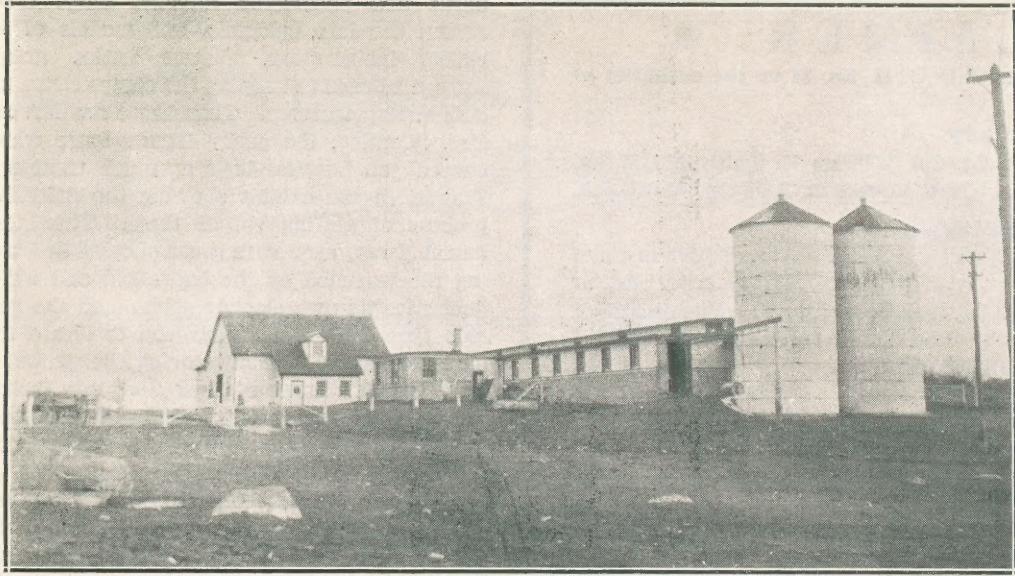
Swat the fly! He has no place in your hospital or any other place where soldiers are stationed. The Chief of Staff and the Surgeon-General are both after him. In circulars recently issued these officials call on the service to wage a war of extermination on the fly in the interests of preventing the spread of disease. In the Staff memorandum early and energetic measures to reduce to a minimum the number of flies in all camps, posts and stations is urged. Instructions being sent to camp surgeons by the Surgeon-General to combat the fly provide certain allowances of large fly traps 21x21 inches; medium sized traps 14x14 inches, small balloon or cone shape traps 6 inches in diameter, pyramid ribbon fly paper and hand fly swatters. This network of fly killing material is to be thrown around the camps and if the instructions are carried out Mr. and Mrs. Fly and their numerous young children will have some hard time getting even a toe-hold at places where soldiers are stationed.

Doctor: "Well, I'll have to operate on you when you are stronger."

Patient: "When I'm stronger? For the love o' Mike, do you think I'm a cheese?"



OUR NEW R. A.



THE FARM BUILDINGS.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

We saw Private Albert Marsh in the Infirmary the other day. He was perambulating around with the aid of a crutch. How about it, Albert, did they have to carry the other fellow off?

Doggone if this isn't gettin' to be a regular Post, horses n' everything. What we would like to know is, who is going to get the benefit of the four riding horses, we already know about the other six.

We mentioned this in last week's issue but we believe in giving credit where credit is due and we think Private Gad's promotion to Sergeant is worthy of more advertising than it has received. His Army career sounds like an Horatio Alger story and goes to prove the old adage "You can't keep a good man down".

Private Gustave Zeismer has returned from furlough to his home at Lena, Wisconsin. Would that we might duplicate his actions and gambol on the green of our native heath. Oh, Boy!—but I guess it is only more Spring fever.

Private first class, Ruther, our popular undertaker, has some very original ideas when it comes to perfumes and toilet waters. He claims that nothing can equal the delicate aroma of a few drops of Formaldehyde sprinkled on blouse or handkerchief. And still they say that all this new stuff comes from Paris.

Private Morris Crenshaw has returned after a ten days' furlough spent at his home. Dad blame it! If we have to continue along this particular line of thought much longer, we sadly fear that there will be another listed among the missing in the morning.

Next Sunday being Easter, and we feeling rather samaritanical as a result, we hereby make the announcement that anyone wishing

publicity in this column will be given reduced rates. Our regular customers such as Bunker and Gad will be offered especially enticing propositions. Snap into it fellows, before it is too late.

Corporal Harwick, our present canteen manipulator, is offering some wonderful bargains this week. Here is a chance for the eternal feminine instinct to show itself. Be careful tho, girls, his is a vampish smile.

During the past week six patients were sent to their homes after having been granted honorable discharges. The lucky men were Pvts. Victor Jacques, James T. Kelley, Lemuel H. Serrs, Charles Smith, Richard P. Thompson, John J. Regan. Good luck to you, fellows.

One would naturally think after an inspection of the mess-hall at breakfast time, since the hegira to the oval has taken place, that the Government must be saving a goodly amount of coin. However, Lieutenant Marvel contends that such is not the case because the fellows more than make up for it at the other two meals. What is the matter fellows, don't you like the idea of studying nature by the glorious light of the rising sun?

We have a new contender for the culinary honors at the Post. Guess who. Nope, wrong again. It's our Chaplain. They do say that the surest way to a man's heart is thru his stomach and we aren't so sure but that the same thing might apply to the soul. How about it, Lieutenant?

Speaking of baseball, which we weren't but should have been, this being Spring, from the way Major McPherson handles himself on the field he must have been the man the writers were thinking of when they used to write, "The stands came to their feet as the runner slid into the home plate for his third home-run that day". We strongly suspect that all the star college players are not in school now.

KISSES WIPE OFF BY CENSOR.

Hun Thought Cross Marks on Letters Alluded to Barbed Wire.

Those Little X's Got the German Goat.

Always there has been heard a great deal about the German's stolidity and lack of a sense of humor, but it remained for a German censor to reach the height of German stupidity.

Private Frederick McConnell, of Detroit, now with Medical Supply Depot, Park "A," Second Army, writing from Toule, France, of his experience while a captive in a German prison camp, tells in an amusing fashion of the German censor's habit of deleting all of the tiny crosses which American soldiers, prisoners in the camp, tacked on the bottom of their letters to dear ones at home.

Of course, these little "x's" represent kisses, but the German censor, not understanding the American custom of sending these little penciled love tokens, thought they were a disrespectful allusion to the strings of barbed wire which wound about the place, and returned all letters containing them, to the senders.

RED CHEVRONS MUST BE WORN.

If officers and enlisted men after discharge from the service continue to wear their uniforms, they must wear the red chevron indicating their separation from active service or they will expose themselves to a fine of not more than \$300 or 6 months' imprisonment. Notice to this effect has been issued by the Chief of Staff in a circular to the army. It is based on the act of Congress approved February 28, which provides that persons who served in the army during the war may wear the uniform after discharge provided it shall include some distinctive mark indicating discharge. As the red chevron has been designated as this distinguishing mark the wearing of the uniform after discharge without the chevron attached is unlawful under the National Defense Act.

ARMY RATIONS TO BE INCREASED.

There are more "eats" in store for you boys, for the Secretary of War has authorized additions to the army ration such as canned corn, peas, string beans, pumpkin and squash, and an increase in the canned tomato portion, effective April 1st. This will afford a larger variety to the messes and an energetic mess sergeant and cook can provide a more varied and attractive bill of fare. The addition of these canned vegetables also helps to solve the problem of using surplus canned goods which may have accumulated as the result of provision for an army of four million men and the termination of the war. Candy and tobacco have been added to the ration of soldiers in France but are not a part of the ration issued to troops in the United States. However, provision has been made whereby organizations can have purchased and issued to them candy, ice cream or any reasonable amount of anything else they may desire. The quartermaster upon request of the organization commander will expend 25 per cent of the value of the ration for articles of food or refreshments desired by the organization and not furnished by the government.

WE HAVE 'EM IN EVERY BARRACKS



COMES IN - 1 A.M.
TURNS ON ALL THE
LIGHTS IN THE HOUSE



SLAMS NUMBER
TENS ON FLOOR
NONE TOO GENTLY



GOES TO LAVATORY
RUNS 17 GALLONS OF
HOT H₂O - FOR SHAVING
PURPOSES - ADMIRSES
SELF IN GLASS -
TIME - 22 MINUTES



GETS OUT BARRACKS
BAG - SORTS OUT ALL
THE LAST MONTH'S DIRTY
CLOTHES -



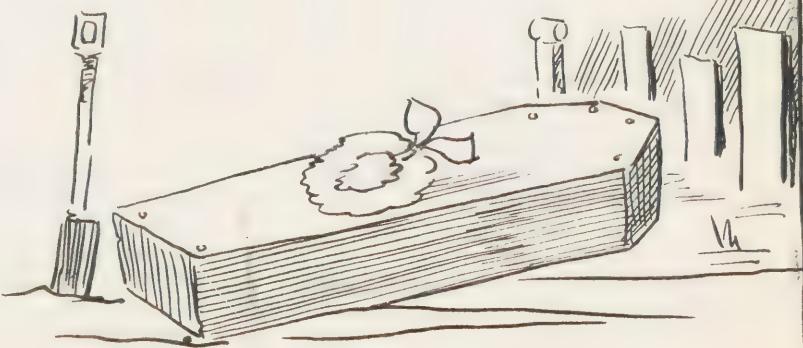
READS HIS GIRL'S
LAST LETTER - FOR THE
17th TIME -
TIME - 1:41



WRITES
LETTER TO SAID
CHICKEN - SAME
OLD MUSH -

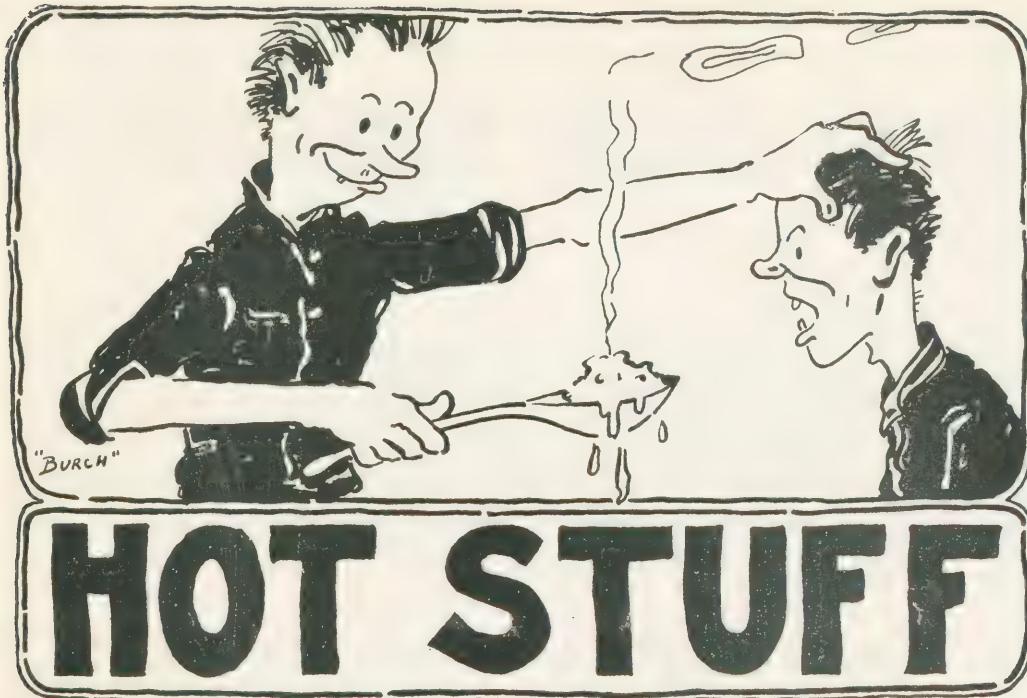


FINALLY RETIRES AND
SERENADES HOUSE WITH THAT
NASTY SNORE



WHAT WE
WISHED ON HIM -

"BURCH"



The fair young thing who was entertaining some returned soldiers at tea time, thought she'd give a little lesson in manners to one doughboy who poured his tea into his saucer before he drank it.

"It's really not so hot," she told him condescendingly. "You could drink it out of the cup."

"It ain't the heat miss," he replied: "if I uses the cup, the spoon gets in me eye."

GO EASY, GO EASY.

Sandy and John were sitting in a car when a pretty girl got in and smiled at the former. He raised his hat.

"Do you know her?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh, yes, very weel," the Scotchman replied.

"Well, shall we go and sit over beside her and then you can introduce me?" asked his companion.

"Wait a bit," returned the canny Scot. "She hasn't paid her fare yet."

POOR POP.

Editha was admiring her new silk frock.

"Isn't it wonderful," she said, "that all this silk comes from an insignificant worm!"

"Editha, is it necessary to refer to your father in that way?" her mother inquired reproachfully.—Ex.

WHAT WAS HE SAYING?

Observant Kiddy: "Oh, look at that funny man, mother. He's sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana-peel!"—Ex.

TO WHOM?

Ethel: "Jack proposed three times before I accepted him."

Marie: "To whom, dear?"—Ex.

RUSHING THE CAN.

A man driving a Ford early one Sunday morning was stopped by a motorcycle cop. He asked the officer what he was stopped for, and the officer replied, "For rushing the can on Sunday morning!"—Ex.

BY JINKS!

SPRING FEVER.

(Apologies to K. C. B.)

This morning while
Lying on my two inches
Of ossified
Camel's hair,
And ripping off
The blocks
To fast jig time,
Somewhere a cog
Slipped hard.
Perchance the chow
We didn't have
At mess last night
Spurred on our
Nasal organs to
Their vituperative flight.
But anyway
Our fevered brain
Hit sixty, yes
And even more:
Imagined we
Might arise at leisure.
Might masticate
The fragrant
Ham and eggs
Of other days
When silk pajamas
Draped our cushioned
Frames—Ah me.
Our Silent Six
Drove up.
We sped thro'
Miles and miles
Of heavenlike countryside,
Then saw the dream
Of all our years.
We clasped her
To our bosom and
The rich music
Of her sweet voice
CRASHED upon our ears:
"You gotta get up."
The bugle's nasty throat.
Spued its poison.
O! how we hate him.

By the "Eds."

Cooties are an aid to one's
Knowledge of arithmetic:
They add to one's discomfort,
They subtract from one's enjoyment,
And they multiply like the devil.

A colored doughboy was clad in white pajamas when the camp was surprised by night bombers and everybody headed for his own dugout.

The dugout was still some distance away when Sam suddenly remembered that in the blackness of midnight he was wearing white!

"What did you do?" he was asked the next morning.

"Well, sir," he said, "it occurred to my mind that the good Lawd had provided me with the best camouflage in the world. I dropped those pajamas right where I stood and made the rest of the trip in my birthday suit!"

HOT STUFF.

A muttered curse!
Thud of body on body—
Twanging of barbed wire,
More curses!
Shrieks of agony,
Muddy ground—
Writhing forms.
MORE CURSES!
Battlefield?
NOPE!!
Five A. M.
Day men
Breakfast time
Road to Pondville.

PORT OF MISSING MEN

Far-off Italy furnishes the features of the Port of Missing Men column this week and shows how broad the scope of this column has become. A recent mail brought an inquiry from Serradifalco, Italy, concerning the present location of an American soldier of Italian parentage. This soldier's brother from Italy had not heard from him for many months, and learning through some source of the existence of the Port of Missing Men column, immediately wrote to the Surgeon General's Office asking assistance in locating his brother. Many letters have been received from Canada and Mexico, but this is the first inquiry that has come from across three thousand miles of ocean.

The Port of Missing Men is now run in thirty-two hospital newspapers, and has been enthusiastically adopted by camp newspapers in the various cantonments throughout the country. Inquiries continue to flood these newspapers, and these requests for information are exchanged by the various papers bringing them to the attention of more than one hundred thousand returning soldiers each week. There have been splendid results in locating missing men, and letters of appreciation from grateful relatives are received daily.

Remember Buddy, each inquiry is made by an anxious mother, father, wife, or sweetheart, and many a heart throb lies beneath these few lines. Do your part, scan these lists closely, and forward any information you may have.

ALLEN, WILLIAM, Corp., Company B, Sixty-first Infantry, Fifth Division. Reported wounded on October 26, and a Base Hospital No. 3. Unofficially received information that he is now in United States, but knows nothing definite, and cannot seem to locate him. Inquiry from mother. Mrs. Catherine Allen, 47 Burnet street, New Brunswick, N. J.

STRAUSS, WILLIAM T., 175th Casual Company. No word since leaving this country. Inquiry from sister, Mrs. John Boettger, Route 1, Box 17, Hamilton, N. Dak.

SELBY, LLOYD, Pvt., Company B., Forty-ninth Infantry. No word since October 16. Inquiry from F. L. Davidson, Route No. 1, Palestine, W. Va.

BENNETT, JESSE L., Pvt., Company F, 166th Infantry. Last letter received dated June 28. Letters are returned marked "Wounded in action." War Department has no notification of him being reported as wounded. Inquiry from sister, Mrs. Annie Albright, Route 1, Gillespieville, Ohio.

CARSTEDT, ALBERT, Pvt., Eightieth Company, Second Battalion, Sixth Regiment Marines. Last word from him was on June 21. Inquiry from sister, Miss Mary Carstedt, Cheryville, Kan.

SIZEMORE, ROBERT O., Pvt., 251st P. W. E., A. P. O. 921. Doesn't get any of his mail. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. O. P. Sizemore, Greeley, Kan.

BAYLESS, WILLIAM THOMAS, Sergt., 146th Company Third Replacement Unit, U. S. Marines. Official notification from War Department that he has been missing from Company 82 since July 19. Inquiry from mother, Elizabeth Bayless, Box 7, Route No. 1, Heiskell, Tenn.

JENSEN, NEWTON, Cook, Headquarters Detachment, 306th Machine Gun Battalion, Seventy-seventh Division. Card was received which stated that he was in hospital in France. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. Mary Jensen, 27 Ditmars street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOPPAS, CHARLES THURMAN, Pvt., Company L, 140th Infantry, Thirty-fifth Division. Reported missing in action September 27. Inquiry from S. A. Hoppas, Route No. 2, Dresden, Kans.

HADCOCK, FRANK, Pvt., Company C, Twenty-eighth Infantry, First Division. Reported missing in action about October 1. Last letter received from him was dated September 17. Inquiry from wife, Anna Hadcock, 77 North Ann street, Little Falls, N. Y.

JOHNSON, HENRY, Company B, Eighteenth Infantry. Reported missing in action October 4, 1918. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. O. J. Johnson, Box 116, Drake, N. Dak.

WRIGHT, FRANK M., Pvt., Company M, Forty-seventh Infantry. Reported missing in action September 26. No word since. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. Sybil B. Wright, Lyndon Station, Wis.

WILSON, CLIFFORD, Pvt., Company D, 168th Infantry. No word since August 21. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. Anna P. Wilson, Elwood, Kans.

ALISON, WILLIAM T., Lieut., Company A, 140th Machine Gun Battalion. No word since December 16, 1918. Inquiry from Miss Lydia Riggs, Kings Landing, Alabama.

JACKSON, ALBERT, Company L, 309th Regiment, Seventy-eighth Division. Supposed to have been in hospital near Ypres. No word since December. Inquiry from Helene B. Husband, State House Annex, Concord, N. H.

VAN NATTAN, MILTON E., Seventeenth Company, Fifth Regiment Marines. Reported missing in action November 1, 1918. No word since. Inquiry from Miss Gladys Graham, 629 West Edwards street, Springfield, Ill.

HOUSTON, SHELDON C., Corp., Company H, 310th Infantry, Seventy-eighth Division. Last heard from on September 27. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. F. E. Bryant, Haworth, N. J.

GAHAGAN, OSCAR RAYMOND, Pvt., Company D, 110th Infantry, 28th Division, reported missing in action September 26, 1918. Inquiry by F. M. Gahagen, 400 Graham avenue, Winder, Pa.

HAMMOND, CLARENCE, Pvt., 91st Company, 10th Regiment, Artillery, last heard of in 1917. Inquiry from Mr. George Hammond, Postoffice Box, 103, Hayden, Ind.

SULLIVAN, THOMAS F., Pvt., Company L, Twenty-eighth Regiment, First Division, last heard of as wounded in Base Hospital No. Sixty-six, Guyoian, France, November 10. Inquiry from Mr. Henry D. Sullivan, 1330 N. Fourth street, Quincy, Illinois.

RICHARD, DAVID L., Pvt., Battery C, Thirty-fifth Field Artillery, last heard of in November, 1918. Inquiry from Miss Ada B. Martin, Box 68, Cedar Grove, W. Va.

THE YANKEE DIVISION PARADE.

Boston, and the rest of New England, is to give the 26th Division their formal welcome home all in one grand day, the twenty-fifth of this month. It will probably be one of the greatest events that this section of the country has seen for some time and a large turnout is expected to be there and root for the boys who worried the Huns for a while. It surely is going to make some of the men who did not have the chance, look with some envy as the heroes go by and wish that they too might receive some recognition for the months and years of toil that they have had in the dull camps of this side so that it would be possible for these men to do the big job over there. We do not begrudge these men one bit of the praise that is due them for the fine work that they have done in France.

It will be the privilege of some of the men from this camp to see them and help in the rooting, for Colonel Smith says that a number of the patients and as many of the Corps Men as can be spared will be allowed to go in to town on that day and see the parade. Now someone has got to stay and do the work necessary to keep the hospital going, while the men are away and it is expected that the men who do not care to go will buckle to and do some real grinding while the other men are gone. Otherwise it will not be possible for the delegation to go. Here is a chance for someone to help. The parade will start at one in the afternoon instead of eleven in the morning as had been previously planned.

THE RECLAIMER.

By "Walpole."

We want our "Reclaimer" paper,

To be the best around

So that none in any other camp or hospital Just like it can be found.

In every issue, we want jokes,

Stories, and riddles by the score

Although you may think we have enough

There is always room for more.

Just set your dome aworking

And try to make one big hit

Say something that's rather funny

To cheer up the boys a bit.

We would not read the "Reclaimer"

With a face as long as a mile

So put something in it

That will make the whole world smile.

You won't be olsing money

So put aside your fears

For it will make you happy

Throughout the coming years.

Some evening when your worried

And feeling kind a sad

Open up the Reclaimer paper

And it will make you glad.

You'll find when you have read

This little paper through

A mighty funny little feeling

Will be creeping all over you.

Don't be shocked and don't be too surprised

When all is said and done,

For it's only fond recollections

Of your army life, with all its hard work and

fun.



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Sold Everywhere**



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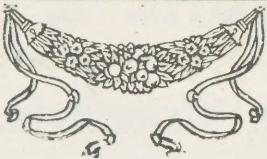
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